cold; he is perhaps rather cruel, but perhaps it is simply the appearance of his delicate sensuality that makes him seem so. He is wearing a black derby, quite unaffectedly.

He asks questions about French writers; talks of Mauclair, Regnier, Paul Adam — and as I say to him laughingly: "But you have read everything!" ''Everything/' he replies gracefully. 1 believe one has to have read everything." "We read everything," he continues, "in the constantly renewed hope of finally finding the masterpiece that we are all awaiting so eagerly." He does not much like Maeterlinck, whose language strikes him as too simple. Ibsen displeases him by "his lack of beauty." "What do you expect?" he says as if to excuse himself; "I am a Latin."

He is preparing a modern drama of classical form and observing the "three unities.". . . With Herelle, last summer, he followed the coast of Greece in a yacht and "read Sophocles under the ruined gates of Mycenae.". . .

. . . And when I express my amazement that his great erudition allows him so sustained and so perfect a literary production — or that his work as a writer leaves him the time to read so much: "Oh," he says, "I have my own method for reading quickly. I am a terrible worker; nine or ten months in the year without stopping I work twelve hours a day. I have already produced about twenty books."

Moreover, he says this without boasting at all and quite simply. In this way the evening is prolonged without difficulty.

SO December

After lunch we return to the Bargello. Wonderful *David* of Donatello! Small bronze body! ornamented nudity; Oriental grace; shadow of the hat over the eyes, in which the source of his glance is lost and becomes immaterial. Smile on the lips; softness of the cheeks.

His small delicate body with its rather frail and strained grace — hardness of the bronze — the figured armor-plate on the legs covering only the calf and permitting the thigh to rise from it more tender by contrast.

The very strangeness of that immodest accouterment, and the taut nervousness of the little arms, which hold either the stone or the saber, I should like to call him up before me at will. For a long time I observed—trying to memorize, to retain within me those charming lines, that fold of the abdomen immediately under the ribs hollowed out when he breathes, and even that leanness of the muscle joining the top of the breast to the right shoulder — and that somewhat broken fold at the top of the thigh —and that extraordinary flatness of the loins immediately above the sacrum. . . .

What can I say of the bust of Niccolo da Uzzano? When I look at it I prefer it even to the *David.* He has more life in him now than he once